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TOP-LINERS

for

STUNT NIGHTS *and* VOD-VIL

Some of This and Some of That
Concocted

By

ARTHUR LEROY KASER

D#18938



BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1924

4165-206

TOP-LINERS



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PREFACE

The writer has oftentimes seen the rocks ahead, and heard the waves of destructive criticism dashing on the reefs of his stage career, and nothing but luck or fate has guided him to the harbor of safety, clinging to some piece of drifting anecdote or humorous story. It is his realization that other vaudeville performers, either professional or amateur, have at some time or other had the experience of being dashed about in the sea of ineffective material, and it is this realization that has given rise to the following concoction of vaudeville material.

The longer sketches, as well as the monologues, have been so arranged that specialties may be easily introduced with little or no change in the original form. The shorter articles, such as "Rhymes and Jingles," "Street Chatter," "The Monologist and His Newspaper," et cetera, can be easily used as insertions in almost any form of monologue or crossfire talking act. "Minstrel Crossfire" is of the modern type and is utilizable wherever minstrel endmen jokes are required.

The writer sincerely hopes that his efforts may be the means of assisting some or many crafts of entertainment into the harbor of safety and success.

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MONOLOGUES

*A monologue isn't always
a conversation between
man and wife.*

WELL, HERE I AM

The manager told me to come out here and sing a Scotch song. That's a hard proposition. In order to sing a Scotch song properly you have to be Scotch, or at least have a little Scotch in you, and when you're a stranger in a strange city how do you know where to get any Scotch to put in you? I'll admit I've been to Scotland and Liverpool and Cincinnati and a lot of other foreign seaport towns but that doesn't help my singing Scotch songs a bit. But I love to sing. My father has been a sewing-machine agent all his life and, no doubt, it is due to heredity that I have striven to be a Singer or a Wheeler & Wilson or something like that.

Ever since I was a little chap I entertained two ambitions. One was to be a great singer and the other was to be a plumber. But as my schooling was very, very limited I knew I never could be a plumber, so I set out to study music. But there were two great obstacles in my path; one was, that I didn't have a good voice and the other was, I didn't know anything about music.

But I was ambitious, so after mother sold our pet pig I took the money and hired an instructor. He did his best but I couldn't seem to please him. He said I lacked something; I don't know what it was. Every time he'd call he'd bawl me out and say, "You poor fish, why don't you get your scales?" But I stuck to it faithfully. One day the instructor said I was getting along fine except for one thing. I'd have to open my mouth more, and throw out my chest. So I did. All the next day I opened my mouth and threw out my chest. Then that night father opened my window and threw out my trunk.

So I gathered up my music and my other pair of socks and started to make my own way in the world. This getting away from the home folks had a wonderful influence upon my musical sensibilities. I felt free. The whole world was ahead of me and a lot of unpaid debts were behind me. So I went east. It was a long walk but

I finally reached a large Jewish city by the name of New York. I strolled to the wharf and found a cattle boat leaving for England.

Disguising myself as a cow, I secreted myself aboard and we were soon gliding down past the foreigners' guiding star and were out on the Atlantic. All my life I'd been striving to reach the high notes and now, without any effort, I was hitting the high seas (Cs).

Then something went wrong with the ocean. The top of it got all corrugated. Then it started to heave. So did I. I got a peculiar feeling here, and here, and here. Everything came up. My past life came up. Then the sun went down and the moon came up. Then the captain found me. "Who are you?" he asked me. "I'm a great singer," says I. He misunderstood me. He thought I said I was a great slinger so he pushed me down in the coal hole and told me to sling coal. For eighty or ninety years I shoveled coal. I didn't know there was so much coal in the world. Then I became worried. I figured that at the rate I was shoveling the world's coal supply would only last three days.

Years afterward we sighted Liverpool or some other anatomical part of England and I tendered my resignation and went ashore. I immediately purchased a bicycle and motored to London where I got a job singing in a deaf and dumb barber shop. One night I accidentally drank some of the boss' private hair tonic, and the intoxicating effect upon me was very noticeable. The boss unceremoniously ejected me from the tonsorial parlors into the street. I endeavored to walk casually down the street. I couldn't. The sidewalk was two sizes too narrow. I just couldn't stay on the sidewalk. As a last resort I went on the road, and I've been on the road ever since. With your kind permission I will now sing an Oriental love song entitled, "How Can the Eskimo Keep Warm Running Around in His Bare (Bear) Skin?"

MINE FRIENT, MORRIS

Morris is a frient off mine. Morris is a vonderful frient off mine. Morris vill do for me anyting. Anyting. Morris vill do me for anyting. Dot is, if I don't keep vun off mine eyes both open. He is vun off dose men vot is tight. I should faint for such a tight vun as Morris is. He is tight shust like a car vindow. He eats only vun egg for his breakfast und to safe de gas bills he fries it only on vun side. My, my, he is tight shust like a squeak. De odder day Morris he goes by de shtore und says, "How mooch for dose clean collars?" De clerk man tells him two for a quarter. "How mooch for vun?" says Morris. "Fifteen cents," says de clerk man. Den Morris he says, "Giff me de odder vun." Morris is a vonderful frient off mine, I tol' you. Vhen ve vas poys ve both go to different schools togedder. Den vhen ve get older mit years ve both go mit de same goil vun time. I buy for her candy und popcorn und lots off tings. She don't like because I make her pay for it. She is such a expense. I keep getting mine feet in deeper und deeper mit her und I see mineseluf shliping und shliping und I begin to tink dot I vas going to haff dot expense on mine hants. Und den vot you tink? Morris he asks de goil to marry him. Oi, oi, mine life is safed. She do.

Lasht vinter vot you tink dot Morris gets de shildren for de Christmas? I tell you. He vash de vindows und let dem look out. Right after dey vas married Morris he says to his vife, "Rachel, ve vill both of us safe de monish und ve vill go by de Niagry Valls und see de valls vall." So dey safed de monish. Rachel safed \$295.00, und so dey took de t'ree hundred dollairs und vent to see de Niagry valls. But dot makes Morris so sick by de head. Dere vas all dot vater going going ofer de valls to vhere? Shust no place. Shust gone to vaste, und he couldn't shtop it. Und also Morris don't shmoke de pipe no more. He says vhen he buys his own tobacco

dot costs too mooch, und vhen he borrows it from somebody else he puts so mooch in his pipe dot it von't draw.

For a long time after Morris vas married all dot run around de house vas a fence, but now, oi, oi, you ought to look. Dere is seven poys und five goils und nine or ten odder shildren. Some vas older und some vas younger und some vas de same ageness. Morris vants to edjmacate de whole bunch mit kanowledge. De odder day I ask Louey: (he look shust like Morris) I ask Louey how he like de schoolhouse. He say, "Fine." I ask him who dishcovered America, und he say, "Ohio." I say, "My, my, Louey, it vas Columbus." Den Louey laugh like a reg'lar Ha-ha, und say, "Sure, Columbus vas his foist name." Shust like dat, shmart poys. Vun day, oi, oi, but Morris vas mad. Little Ikey he coomes home from school und says, Fadder, I haff to do all mine exam'nations ofer again." Morris he grab Ikey by de breathing handle. "Told me quick," cries Morris all excitmented, "vhy in de name off Solomons is it dot you moost exam'nations again?" Den little Ikey say, "Dear Fadder, you should feel for me a proudness; I make dose exam'nations so goot dot from eferybody I get de loud encore, und for dot I got to do dem all ofer again." So you see shust like dere fadder is Louey und Ikey. Und to show dot Morris' poys tink more off business den bleasures take for a instance little Levi. Vun day Morris viped de vindow und vhen he looked ouit he see little Levi fighting mit anodder Irish poy in de gutter. Morris he open de vindow und yell, "Levi, coome in de house from dot fighting business!" Levi yell back, "I gan't coome, Fadder." Morris he yell again, "Coome quick in de house from de fighting!" Levi yell back, "I gan't coome away, Fadder." Dot make Morris mad. He yells loud like eferyting, "Levi, I tol' you to coome in de house right away quick!" Levi yell back, "I gan't coome in, Fadder, I got it mine foot on a nickel!" A business man dey vill all some day be. For a exemple of de business qualsifications off Morris, lasht veek a burglar vas trying to rob Morris' house against de law. Morris shneaked down mit a pevolver, und say, "Hants oop or I shoot you dead!" But de burglar he only say, ha, ha!

Dot make Morris mad. He don't like for to haff dot ha, ha, right in his face. He vave de pevolver in square circles mit a venengence, und say, "Quick mit de hants oop! I say vunce, I say twvice, I say t'ree times; den I shoot lead bulloots!" But de burglar he no puts de hants oop. He say to Morris, "I giff you fifty dollairs for de pevolver." Und right away Morris say, "Sold!" While Morris vas laughing ofer de big profit he makes on de pevolver de burglar man sticks de gun under part off Morris' nose, und says, "Your monish or your life!" Morris he stay cool, so cool dot he shivers like a kioodle on de icebergs. Den he say to de burglar man, "Blease, Meester, take mine life, I vas safing mine monish for mine old age." Shust den Morris' vife—my, vot a vife—she coome vobbling und viggling und voddling down de shtairs. De burglar looks oop und sees her. Den mit a cry like a caliople he shumps through de vindow—dot is, eferyting got through de vindow but his feet, und quick like a elephant shumping for a mice Morris' vife grabs him by de vindow sill, und takes away de pevolver und his vatch, und his hat, und his coat, und his—und his—none off your business! My, my, vot a vife! Und I almost got her vun time. Lasht veek Morris he gets it a letter from de black hant vot says: "If you don't giff us right away quick vun hundred t'ousand dollairs ve vill kill your vife." Morris he t'ink, und t'ink, und t'ink. Den he answered de letter und say: "I von't pay you de monish, but I vould like to see you; I like it your proposition."

AY YUST GOT HARE

Ay yust coome. Dat is dey raison dat Ay bane hare. Ay yust got hare from Minneapolice, Minnesoata. My brudder he no coome. He say he stay in Minneapolice for t'ree mont's yet. He coome hare, too, yust so soon he get out of yail. Ay bane in yail, too, but Ay bane luckier dan my brudder. Ay bane in yail yust t'ree days an' dan Ay get dey measles an' break out. My brudder he say dat Ay bane lucky to catch dey measles. He nevaire catch anyting but hell, an' dat don' do no good.

Ay bane lookin' for a good gel now. Ay vant to get married. Yessair, Ay vant to get married an' seddle doone. A lot of people wanted me to stay in Minneapolice. Dey wanted me to stay dare an' seddle oop, but Ay no do it. It cost more to seddle oop dan to seddle doone an' Ay believe in being aconomical.

Ay haff a gel in Minneapolice, but she bane no good. She bane not anough dis vay (*measuring vertically*), an' too mooch dis vay (*measuring horizontally*). It tak me five minutes to valk 'round dat voman vhen Ay run. Ay can no hug her all to vunce. Ay got to do it in vot you call dey inshtallmen's. Ay hug a leedle vays, den mak a shalk mark, den a leedle funder an' mak anudder shalk mark till bye an' bye Ay get all de vay 'round. Vhene Ay get all de vay 'round Ay bane purtty tired, Ay tell you. De las' time Ay hug dat voman Ay get purtty mad. Ay bane huggin' her an' makin' de shalk marks till Ay get half way 'round. Den Ay boomp bang right into anudder man cooming de odder vay 'round. Vhen she go doone de strate she look like a load of hay, only beeger. In Minneapolice she vork for dey roads. Dey use her for a steam roller. But she vas too beeg. She bust de roads. Vhen she go on dey strate everyting gets dark like night. She hides dey sun. Yust like a mountain she is. An' shape. She don' haff any. Yust round like dey vorld an' almos' so beeg. Vhen she go some place an' valk she nevair get dare. But vhen she lay

doone an' roll she gets dare so quick before she starts. My, my, vot a roller. If she ever move away from Minneapolice dare would be nutting left but a leetle vilage. She is such a moochness. When she yumps in dey ocean for a shvim—my, my, vot a high tide coomes oop! Vun day she tol' me dat she is going to roon for congress. Dat mak me laff. I tol' her she can no roon for congress. I tol' her she haff more shance ef she roll for congress.

But Ay am vun of dose fellers dat nevair talks about peoples, so Ay vill not say no more about dot beeg shlob.

Ay bane lookin' for two tings. Vun bane a yob, an' de odder bane a good gel dat wants a good handsome husband. Ay bane a purtty shmart Shvade. Ay can play poker an' roon a aut'mobeel like everyting. Ay not say so mooch about rooning a vife.

Vun time a man by Minneapolice, Minnesoata, mak a bust of some kind on his aut'mobeel, an' he ask me vhere can he find a monkey wrench. Ay yust shake my haid. Ay tol' him Ay no know vhere dare bane a monkey wrench but Ay know a man dat haff got a cow ranch. Den he laff, I tol' you. I know no vhy.

Ay bane in dis coountry about two yare noo. Some day when dey ocean gets smooth vith no booms on it Ay maybe go back to Shvaden. Ay coome to dis coountry vith Olie Oleson. When ve ware all ready to coome ve go doone to dey dock vith our shirt in a valeese an' vait for dey yip. Purtty quick dey yip coome in an' purtty quick dey yip she is ready to go an' dan Ay can no fin' Olie. Olie is not dare. Yust as dey yip is leafing Ay see Olie rooning doon dey dock. Ay git axcited. Ay bane 'fraid he miss dey yip so Ay vave my hat an' yell, "Roon, Olie, roon, Ay tank you mak it in tray yumps!" An' Olie mak it in tray yumps.

Purtty quick ve war out on dey ocean, an' my, my, vot a ocean! It get rougher an' rougher an' purtty quick it coomes right oop an' shalap me an' Olie in dey face. Dan Olie get sick. Dan Ay get sick. Dan we both of us get sick. Dan Olie he wants to die. Dan Ay wants to die. Dan ve both of us wants to die. After ve die both of us ten or 'leven times de capatain coome an' say, "Sheer

oop, to-morrow you hit New York." Mit all my sick feelings I haff to laff. Ay not strong enough to hit a flea.

So dey sun go doon an' dey moon coome oop, an' my supper coome oop, dan a storm coome oop, an' dan dey capatain coome oop an' say, "Quick, dey boat is sinking!" Olie say he no care, it no b'long to heem. Dan dey salailors let doon dey leetle boats an' ve all get in. Dan Ay no find Olie. Ay look oop an' see heem still on dey beeg yip. Ay yell to heem to coome. He say, "No, Ay going to dey bottom of dey ocean an' valk to dey shore." Ay tell heem not to do dat, he might get his feet vet. Dan Ay yell to heem, "Yump, Olie, yump!" Dan he yump. Olie he yust yump from dey yip to dey yolly boat. My, vot a yumper!

After avhile ve get to lan' an' start to valk. Ve start doon dey railroad treck. Ve valk an' valk an' valk. Purtty quick a train coome along, psst! Yust like dat. Dan Ay look aroun' but Ay no see Olie. Olie is gone. Ay look 'round an' 'round. Purtty quick Ay fin' Olie's shirt. Dan Ay fin' Olie's hat. Dan Ay fin' Olie's arm. Dan Ay fin' Olie's odder arm. Dan Ay fin' Olie's haid. Dan Ay put my han's to my haid. "My gracious!" Ay cries, "someting moost haff happened to Olie!"

(Very quick exit.)

QUICK CURTAIN

THE MONOLOGIST AND HIS NEWSPAPER

(A monologist can invariably draw laughs from an audience by apparently reading humorous items from a newspaper.)

MONOLOGIST (*unfolding newspaper. To audience*). A newspaper, although edited in all seriousness, contains more humor than any other piece of printed matter. Every morning after stealing the neighbor's milk I usually pick up all the rubbish from his front porch including his morning paper. I am always afraid to leave the paper for fear the wind will blow it away and clutter up his yard. Then at my breakfast table I look through it for the unconsciously humorous items. For example, I will read a few I ran across this morning from *my newspaper*. (*Reads.*)

"WANTED: A boy to deliver fish that can ride a bicycle." I should think that would be a scaly job for the fish.

"FOR SALE: An automobile by a man leaving town with new upholstering." Huh, pretty soft for him.

"FOR SALE: Good sound mule. Owner in hospital." Wonder if that means white mule?

"Mrs. Hiram Good tried to start a fire yesterday with kerosene which resulted in a disastrous explosion. Mr. and Mrs. Good were blown through the roof of their house. Neighbors claim it is the first time they have ever seen the couple go out together." Looks to me as if they're a couple of high-flyers.

"WANTED: At Fairview Hotel, experienced porter. Board and room furnished; also chambermaid." Wonder if the one they furnish is pretty?

"WANTED: Salesman to sell eggs not over forty years old." (*Holds nose.*) Phew!

"Frank Wise was demonstrating to his brother last evening how his new shotgun operated. Funeral services will be held Sunday."

"FOR SALE: Good Jersey cow that produces six quarts of milk a day, a cookstove and a Ford automobile." Some cow! Some competition for Henry!

"WANTED: Man with wooden leg to mash potatoes." That's as bad as wanting a woman with one tooth to bite holes in doughnuts.

"The Emporium Billiard Parlor has on display a twenty-pound bass recently caught in Clear Lake. Hank Smith remarked yesterday that anyone who catches a fish that big is a liar."

"WANTED: Girls at Goldstein's Cloak Shop to sew buttons on the third floor." Wonder if they've got button holes on the ceiling?

"At the Brown Furniture Store. A new line of guaranteed beds. We stand behind every bed we sell." Now, that's going too far.

"FOR SALE: Bargain. A piano by a widow with large legs slightly scratched." Bet she was out after blackberries.

"SHOES REPAIRED: Don't go somewhere else and be cheated. Come here first."

"LOST: Pair of false teeth. Will the finder please return at once as the owner is getting tired of eating soup." One thing, he can save on toothpicks.

"See me for fresh spring fries. I kill myself every morning." It must be a habit with him.

"For the best news read this morning paper every morning. The last news first. Much of our news is printed the day before it happens." I wonder if you can buy this paper the day before it's out?

"LOST: Gentleman's walking cane by a man with an ivory head." Wonder if he's got a rubber neck?

"WANTED: Minister of the Gospel for lumber camp. Must come well recommended, buy his own chewing tobacco and be a good crap shooter." Any ministers here with those qualifications?

"NOTICE TO PUBLIC: Next Friday on the occasion of the installation of our new mayor the fire department will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon."

"WANTED: Man to look after cow with voice suitable

for choir singing. One also capable of running automobile, and wife." Some combination, I'd say.

"RELIGIOUS NOTICE: Next Sunday at the Union Church there will be special music by the choir, assisted by the new organist. The church will then be closed the following three Sundays for repairs." That guy intends to raise the roof.

"FOR RENT: Flat with eight rooms and two baths on trolley tracks." Ding! ding! time to take a bath.

"The fire at the mattress factory last night was extinguished before any considerable damage could be done by the local fire department." Well, you've got to give them credit for trying.

"Jerry Henderson reports that his old Tom cat has committed suicide nine times." Ought to be pretty dead by this time.

"NOTICE: Party who took green silk pajamas from clothes-line at 120 Smith Street please return at once and no embarrassing exposure will be made on my part." If anyone in the audience happens to have these pajamas will they kindly return them at once so the lady can go to bed?

ONE-ACT VAUDEVILLE SKITS

*Where you think what is isn't,
and what isn't usually is.*

WE'RE GLAD TO MEET YOU

BOY. I am going to sing a song.

GIRL. Go ahead.

BOY. Or shall we dance a little?

GIRL. Instead?

BOY. I will tell you what to do.

GIRL. Go ahead, it's up to you.

BOY. Let's dance and sing together.

GIRL. Well said.

BOTH. We will try and do our best,
So our act will manifest
That when everything is said and done
You'll see it's all in jest.

BOY. But it's not an easy job.

GIRL. Indeed!

BOY. To get applause from everyone.

GIRL. Proceed.

BOY. For some like this and others that,
Some like it fresh right off the bat,—

GIRL. Variety is what

We need.

BOTH. Like H. J. Heinz and Co.
Is the modern vaudeville show;
There are fifty-seven varieties,
A few of which we know.

BOY. We have lost a lot of sleep;

GIRL. My land!

BOY. Getting rhythm in our feet.

GIRL. Understand?

BOY. And we've tried to learn to sing,
Tried to learn most anything.

GIRL. Now we'll wish it onto you
First hand.

BOTH. So we'll try to entertain,
 And we hope you'll not complain;
 For we want to please you mightily,
 So we can come again.

BOY. We have introduced ourselves ——

GIRL. To you.

BOY. Now it's up to both of us ——

GIRL. To do.

BOY. Loud applauding to an actor
 Is a stimulating factor.

GIRL. Will you bear with us until
 We're through?

BOTH. You have spent your honest dough
 To see a snappy show;
 It's up to us to do or bust ——
 Come on,—let's go!

LEVI GOES A-HUNTING

A One-Act Skit

CHARACTERS

LEVI, *who goes hunting.*HIRAM, *who owns the land.*

SCENE—Wood or meadow.

TIME OF PLAYING—Ten minutes.

PROPERTIES

Shotgun, one cartridge, watch, some currency.

SCENE.—*Wood or Meadow.*

(*Curtain discovers no one on stage. Shotgun is discharged off stage. LEVI stumbles on from L. stage backwards, dragging shotgun. Sits on stage in dazed manner facing audience. Then grins foolishly.*)

LEVI (*to audience*). Does anyvun maybe want to buy a shootsgun sheap at a bargain? Oi! vot a bump dot coome to me!

HIRAM (*from off R. stage*). Hey!

LEVI (*looking off R. stage*). Vot for de hay? I ain't a horse.

HIRAM (*entering from R.*). What aire you doin' there?

LEVI (*grinning*). Shust settin', Meester, shust settin'.

HIRAM. Settin'? By gum, you sound like a old hen. Whared you come from?

LEVI (*pointing off L.*). From ofer dere.

HIRAM. Do you know this is my property?

LEVI. Iss dot so? Vell, I don't want to buy it.

HIRAM. Didn't you see that sign on that tree over yonder?

LEVI. Yes; vot did it said?

HIRAM. It said five dollars for trespassing.

LEVI. It said five dollairs for vlich?

HIRAM. Five dollars fine.

LEVI. Fine?

HIRAM. Yes, fine!

LEVI (*grinning foolishly to audience*). Ain't dot fine?

HIRAM (*angrily*). Come on and gimme five dollars!

LEVI. For vot?

HIRAM. For trespassing.

LEVI. Make it four ninety-eight und I take a dozen maybe.

HIRAM. I said five dollars.

LEVI. I can get de same kind at mine brudder's shtore for mooch less.

HIRAM. Get what?

LEVI. Dose tres—tres—trespsing—vot you call it?

HIRAM. Aire ye goin' to git off'n my land or ain't ye?

LEVI (*rising with difficulty*). Don't git oxcited, mine vriend. Do you vant to buy from me a new shootsgun sheap?

HIRAM. What do I want with a gun? There ain't nothin' 'round here to shoot.

LEVI. Yes, dere iss, Meester; I vas shasing a rababbit.

HIRAM. A what?

LEVI. A rababbit; a vild kitten mit long ears vot shumps und hops vhen it skedaddles.

HIRAM (*laughing in loud guffaws*). A kitten what jumps an' hops! (*Laughs heartily.*) A kitten with long ears what —

(*Cannot talk further on account of laughing.*)

LEVI (*somewhat hurt*). Vot iss so funnish about dot? Efery time I shoots at dose rababbits dey ain't.

HIRAM. They ain't what?

LEVI. Dey ain't vhere dey iss vhen you tink dey vas. Dot iss vhere de shumping und hopping coomes in.

HIRAM (*laughing*). You mean they don't stand still vhen you shoot?

LEVI. Sure. Dey vas shust like me. I don't eider.

HIRAM. What's the matter, does your gun kick?

LEVI. Not kick, Meester; shust back oop, dot's all.

HIRAM (*more seriously*). Wall, anyway, you can't shoot rabbits on my farm.

LEVI. I know dot. I can't shoot rababbits here or no place else.

HIRAM. I mean I don't allow no hunters to kill my rabbits.

LEVI. Mine gracious, I don't kill your rababbits. De booloots vent straight oop in de air. Maybe so yet you would vant to buy dot shootsgun, yes?

HIRAM. Aire it a good gun?

LEVI. Mine vriend, I stood behind dot shootsgun when I sell him.

HIRAM. Huh, that's more'n you can do when you shoot it.

LEVI. Meester, dot iss such a vonderful shootsgun dot it breaks mine heart to sell it.

HIRAM. Yeah, an' it dang near breaks your neck to shoot it.

LEVI. Und such a bargain dot I let you haff it for.

HIRAM. How much?

LEVI. I sell dot so sheap I vas covered mit shame to tell you.

HIRAM. And bruises, too.

LEVI. I almost giff dot shootsgun to you ——

HIRAM. How do I know it's any good?

LEVI. Shust ask, mine vriend, shust ask me, I tell you. It vas a vonderful bargain at half de price. De price dot I ask iss so small dot you can't see it mit a mikikelscope.

HIRAM. What is the price?

LEVI. I don't know; maybe yes fifteen dollairs.

HIRAM. How much?

LEVI. Twelfe dollairs.

HIRAM. I didn't understand you.

LEVI. I said ten dollairs.

HIRAM. I'll give you eight.

LEVI. Nine.

HIRAM. Eight.

LEVI. Nine.

HIRAM. Seven.

LEVI. Eight.

HIRAM. Six.

LEVI. Vait a minute. Let's shtart ofer.

HIRAM (*drawing out wallet*). I'll give you six dollars for that gun and not a nary cent.

LEVI. I vill sell de shootsgun on de conditions dot you nefer tol' mine brudder.

HIRAM. What's your brother got to do with it?

LEVI. Oi, he haff a bad heart und he find him out how sheap I sell dot shootsgun he drop dead, so hellup me.

HIRAM. Here's the six; gimme the gun.

LEVI (*kisses gun and hands it to HIRAM at the same time accepting money*). It iss like pulling de eye tooth, but take it, mine vriend, take it.

HIRAM (*producing watch*). Gettin' near eatin' time. Guess I better be moseyin'.

LEVI (*very much interested in watch*). Blease, Meester, can I look at it vot time iss it? (*HIRAM holds watch while LEVI inspects it carefully*.) I lose me mine vatch und maybe you sell me dot sheap?

HIRAM. An' maybe I won't.

LEVI. Two dollairs.

HIRAM. I wouldn't take a cent less than five dollars for that watch.

LEVI. T'ree dollairs.

HIRAM. Five dollars.

LEVI. Ve vill bust de difference, ain't it, und I giff you four dollairs.

HIRAM (*handing over watch*). Turn about's fair play. I got the gun, you get the watch. Gimme the four dollars.

(*LEVI gives him money and takes the watch. HIRAM starts to exit, then sees LEVI very much engrossed in watch and stops.*)

LEVI (*soliloquizing*). Oi, vot a vonderful vatch! Vot a beauty! Vot a dinger! (*Looks up. To HIRAM.*) Mine vriend, where you efer get dis vatch?

HIRAM. Oh, it's just one my grandfather used to carry.

LEVI. I bet you monish dot he paid a lot for dot vatch.

HIRAM (*much interested*). Why?

LEVI (*fondling watch*). It iss a vonderful piece of voik. See dose hands. See how easy dey go 'round. Und de glass; how clear und bright it iss. Und de voik-manship, it iss de voik off a master.

HIRAM. Gosh, I never paid much attention to that. Maybe I hadn't orter of sold it.

LEVI (*holding watch to ear*). My, und de vay it tickles! (*Holds watch to HIRAM's ear.*) Did you efer heard a better tickle?

HIRAM. Never noticed the tick before.

LEVI. Meester, dot iss a fourteen carat tickle. Hear dot tickle, tickle, tickle?

HIRAM. You wouldn't want to sell that watch back to me, would you?

LEVI. I haff been trying all mine life to find a vatch like dis.

HIRAM. I'll give you the four dollars back for the watch.

LEVI. Dot would be a poor business for me, mine vriend.

HIRAM. I'll give you five dollars for it

LEVI. If mine brudder puts dis vatch in his shtore he can get fifty dollairs for it in a vink.

HIRAM. How much will you take for it right now?

LEVI. I moost tink, mine vriend, I moost tink. I could sell it to mine brudder for dirty-five dollairs, I know it.

HIRAM (*becoming desperate*). I'll give you ten dollars.

LEVI. Efen den I vould lose. But I haff a pity for you, Meester. De vatch should shtay by you. It makes de tears coome in mine t'roat to keep it from you.

HIRAM. How much? How much?

LEVI. Giff me de gun und de ten dollairs und I sell it.

HIRAM. Here! (*Gives LEVI gun and money.*) You have a good heart, my friend.

LEVI (*pocketing money*). Good-bye. (*He quickly exits L.* HIRAM looks lovingly at watch. LEVI calls to him from off stage.) I giff you four dollairs for de vatch!

HIRAM (*coming to life*). Why the dang little runt! I'm right where I started and he's got twelve dollars of my money! (*Calls off L.*) Hey!

(*Runs off L. after LEVI.*)

CURTAIN

THE BETTER HALF'S WORST HALF

*A Blackface Skit for
Male and Female*

CHARACTERS

GLADIOLIA, *the better half.*

GEORGE HENRY WASHINGTON CLAY, *the other half.*

TIME OF PLAYING—About ten minutes.

(*No scenery is required, the act being confined to the apron of the stage. Dancing or singing is entirely optional; these specialties may depend on the ability and discretion of the actors. A more ludicrous effect may be obtained if the female character be of large and the male of diminutive proportions. Female costume should be ornate and exaggerated; male costume either unduly large and misfitting, or very tightly fitting. In either case shoes should be much over-size.*)

SCENE.—*No scenery is required. GLADIOLIA enters from L. taking long strides to C. of stage where she stops and looks back. Then she calls to off L. stage.*

GLADIOLIA. Look hyah, Mista Geo'ge Henry Wash'ton Clay, dis am posilutely de las' time Ah's hesitatin' long 'nough to conescen' de impression dat Ah wants yo' to vibrate yo' lowah 'stremities an' keep 'longside ob me!

GEORGE (*hobbling on from L.*). Ah's comin', Gladiolia, Ah's comin'.

GLADIOLIA. So am Christmas comin' but Ah ain't waitin' fo' it.

GEORGE. Ah's perf'ratin' de atmosphere jes' as rapid as Ah can, woman.

GLADIOLIA. Yo' gits 'round 'bout as rapid like as a snail wid rheum'tism. Some ob dese days somebody am gwine take yo' fo' a post an' tie a hoss to yo'.

GEORGE. Dat won't be no wuss den habbin' a woman tied to me.

GLADIOLIA. Wot's dat?

GEORGE. 'Sall right, 'sall right.

GLADIOLIA. Wot's 'sall right, huh?

GEORGE. Nuthin', Gladiolia, nuthin'. Jes' let it drap.

GLADIOLIA (*threateningly*). Yo' go makin' any mo' extemp'rous rema'ks 'bout me an' Ah'll let yo' drap. Yo'll drap so hard yo'll fink yo' is a pan cake wid clothes on!

GEORGE. Look hyah, woman —

GLADIOLIA. Shet up! Yo' open dat coffee pot ob yo's an' Ah'll hit yo' so hard yo' is gwine right down to zero!

GEORGE. Dat's nuthin'.

GLADIOLIA. Wot ain't nuthin'?

GEORGE. Zero.

GLADIOLIA. Is yo' all gwine to foller me peaceful-like now?

GEORGE. Wall, Ah ain't said I isn't, has Ah?

GLADIOLIA. Why, yo' 'vaporated piece ob coal, Ah ain't asked yo', ain't yo' isn't? Ah's askin' yo' ain't yo' is.

GEORGE (*meekly*). Ah is.

GLADIOLIA. Yo' bettah is! 'Cause ef Ah asks yo', ain't yo' is, an' Ah finds out dat ain't yo' isn't, folks am gwine to find yo' at de same place ebery Dec'ration Day.

GEORGE. Quit yo' pickin' on me, woman, quit yo' pickin'. Doan yo' 'member yo' done married me fo' bettah or fo' wuss?

GLADIOLIA. Ah does 'member yo' folks said it war fo' bettah an' mah folks said it war fo' wuss, an' Ah's hyah to tell yo', Geo'ge Henry Wash'ton Clay, ef yo' gits any wuss yo' is gwine to die 'way ahaid ob yo' schedule.

GEORGE. Am dat a fac'?

GLADIOLIA. Cose it am a fac'. Fac's am de only fings Ah 'lucidates. Yo' is a low-down —

GEORGE. Ah ain't low down.

GLADIOLIA. Yo' am, too, low down. Man, yo' is so

low down yo' got to stan' on a step laddah to see ovah yo' feet.

GEORGE (*stubbornly*). Ah ain't low down.

GLADIOLIA. Yo' is, too. Yo' is lowah den low down. Yo's un'erneat. Ah gits sorrowful ebery time Ah finks dat Ah married yo'.

GEORGE. Woman, yo' ought to feel sorrowful. Yo' sho did cheat some good gal outen a wonderful husband.

GLADIOLIA. Looka hyah, yo' imitation bunch ob nothin', yo' 'sinuatin' Ah ain't a good gal, huh?

GEORGE. Wall, Ah ain't low down.

GLADIOLIA. Let me tell yo' one fing, Geo'ge Henry Wash'ton Clay, an' doan yo' fo'git it as long as yo' 'member it. Ah is a lady ob rank, Ah is!

GEORGE. Uh, uh.

GLADIOLIA. An' mah pappy war a gen'man ob rank!

GEORGE. Uh, uh.

GLADIOLIA. An' mah mammy war a lady ob rank!

GEORGE. Now let me tell yo' somefing, mah sweet Gladiolia, Ah's jes' as rank as all yo'uns put togedder, Ah is!

GLADIOLIA (*very loudly*). Dat's all right. Ah jes' stays so fah ahaid ob yo' dat yo' got to use a teleloscope to see me.

GEORGE. Mebbe so, mebbe so, but Ah sho 'nough doan hab to use a megaphone to hyah yo'!

GLADIOLIA (*starting toward him threateningly*). Wot's dat?

GEORGE (*stepping back*). Wall, Ah ain't low down.

GLADIOLIA. Man, yo' is gwine keep sayin' things till Ah gits peeved an' den—an' den ——

GEORGE. Listen, Gladiolia, how come yo' jes' keep pickin' an' pesterin' dis po' niggah mos' to death all de time contin'yus-like? Doan yo' lub me no mo' a-tall?

GLADIOLIA. Lub yo'? Why, yo' undiscovered piece ob myst'ry, wot yo' all mean talkin' 'bout lub? Whar am yo' lub fo' me? Huh?

GEORGE. Why, Ah lubs yo', honey.

GLADIOLIA. Whar yo' git dat honey stuff? Fink Ah'm a beehive?

GEORGE. Ah does lub yo'.

GLADIOLIA. Doan 'pear much like it. Afore we'uns was married yo' done did anyfing Ah wanted. Yo'd buy me candy an' ice-cream an' watahmelon an' eberyfing. Now wot yo' buy me? Nuffin'!

GEORGE. Dat jes' goes to show mah ec'nomical nature. Wot's de nebsessity ob feedin' cheese to de mices aftah yo' done ketched 'em?

GLADIOLIA. Yo' ain't callin' me a mice, am yo', man?

GEORGE. Ah ain't sayin' yo' is a mice, but, Gladiolia, (*Referring to her mouth.*) yo' sho got some trap.

GLADIOLIA. Ef yo' doan shivah yo' foot an' come wid me dat trap am gwine axdental-like shet tight on de tonsorior section ob yo' 'natomy. (*Walks towards R. stage.*) Come on!

GEORGE (*looking around as if in search of something*). Jes' a minute, honey.

GLADIOLIA. Wot fo' de lingerin'?

GEORGE. Ah wants to find mah hat.

GLADIOLIA (*looking at GEORGE'S hat on his head*). Yo' wants to find yo' hat?

GEORGE. Ef yo' wants me to depart from dese domains yo' got to help me find mah hat.

GLADIOLIA. Why, yo' doggone fool coon, yo' hat's on yo' haid.

GEORGE. On mah haid? Am dat a fac'? Nebber mind den, Ah'll find it mahself.

(*GLADIOLIA exits R. followed by GEORGE, the latter feeling for his hat and muttering to himself. May finish with song or dance.*)

CURTAIN

OVER THE BACK FENCE

Farce in One Act

CHARACTERS

TIMOTHY MURPHY, *on one side of the fence.*

BEDELIA MURPHY, *his much better half.*

MIKE CASEY, *on the other side of the fence.*

KATE CASEY, *his sixty-forty best half.*

SCENE.—Where two back yards meet.

TIME.—Monday morning.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About fifteen minutes.

PROPERTIES

Wheelbarrow for Murphy.

SCENE.—*Represents the meeting of two back yards. The rear of a house is on L. stage and another on R. stage, with a fence directly in C. of stage dividing the two yards. The fence should run from extreme rear to almost down stage. Washtub full of clothes in each yard. Also washboards in tubs. Coiled clothes lines on ground near each tub. Clothes prop in L. yard leaning against house. Other paraphernalia can be scattered around to give more natural view of a somewhat mussy yard. It is possible to dispense with the house scenes entirely if they are not available. MURPHYS occupy R. yard, and CASEYS the L. yard.*

(When curtain rises MURPHY is on R. side of fence and CASEY is on L. side. They are both somewhat excited and deep in an argument. As curtain rises CASEY walks away from fence a short distance in disgusted manner, then stops and goes back to fence.)

CASEY. Look here, Murphy; d'yez moind if Oi tell ye

ye're crazy? Yez shure are whin yez try to make me believe thot Ryan would make a good mayor.

MURPHY. He would make a good mayor. Tell me this, Casey, did yez iver in yer loife see a mon do more fer the wor-r-rkin' mon thin Ryan whin he waz aldermon of the thir-r-rd ward?

CASEY. Do more fer thim? Yez mean, did Oi iver see a mon thot did thim more.

MURPHY (*heatedly*). Och! ye don't use common sinse whin yez talk, so yez don't.

CASEY. If Oi used too mooch common sinse yez wouldn't understand me, begorro!

MURPHY. Oi don't suppose yez remimber the toime whin the milk prices wint soarin' to the sky phat Ryan did to bring thim down, do yez?

CASEY. Thot ain't neither here or it ain't there ——

BEDELIA (*from off R. stage*). Hov yez got the clothes loine up yit, Tim?

MURPHY (*paying no attention to her. To CASEY*). Oi'll tell yez phat he did. He got the council to vote on the pr-r-roposition to buy the milk routes, so he did.

BEDELIA (*from off R. stage*). Hov yez got the clothes loine up yit, Tim?

MURPHY (*paying no attention to her. To CASEY*). An' whin the city owned the milk routes the milk came down lower thin it waz in the fur-r-rst place.

CASEY. Yis, an' thin we hod to pay enough taxes to buy a milk route of our own, so we did.

MURPHY. Is thot so? Thin let me tell yez something else ——

BEDELIA (*from off R. stage*). Hov yez got the clothes loine up yit, Tim?

MURPHY (*paying no attention as before*). D'yez remimber the toime thot this strate needed pavin' an' they wanted to charge us poor-r-r wor-r-rkin' min twice as mooch as it waz worth? Phat did Ryan do thin, Oi'm askin' yez?

(BEDELIA, *very angry, appears on R. with hands on hips.*)

BEDELIA. An' Oi'm askin' yez, Mister Timothy Mur-

phy, hov yez got the clothes loine up yit? Shure an' Oi'm seein' thot yez hov not. Yez hair moight be rid but yez eyes are goin' to be black if thot clothes loine don't be a-goin' up! [She exits R.]

MURPHY. Thot means thot the clothes loine do be goin' up. (*Turns away from fence.*)

CASEY. Murphy, d'yez moind if Oi be afther tellin' yez somethin'?

MURPHY (*stops*). Phat?

CASEY. If yez'll pardon me a-sayin' of it, yez are too aisy wid the owld woman. Whin yez gits married the mon is the boss of the house. Whin she asked yez to put up the clothes loine yez should hov towld her to joomp in the lake, so yez should.

MURPHY. Is thot so? Oi don't remimber of iver seein' yer owld woman joompin' in iny lake.

CASEY. An' yez niver remimber seein' me joomp around whin she hollers at me neither, did yez?

BEDELIA (*from off R. stage*). Hov yez got the clothes loine up yit, 'Tim?

MURPHY. Oi'm a-puttin' it up now, Bedelia. (*He gets line and ties one end to post at porch. To CASEY.*) Don't hurt nothin' to help the owld woman out oncet in whoile, does it? (*Stretches line to post at rear and finds that it is about two feet too short to reach post. Thinks a minute. To CASEY.*) Fur-r-rthermore, phat's the use of raisin' a row all the toime wid the wimen folks? They make enough noise as 'tis. (*Unties line from post L. and ties it to rear post. To CASEY.*) A woman is bound to git the lasht worr-rd inyhov an' the longer yez talks the longer yez hov to listen to thim. (*Tries to make line reach post at L. Finds it too short as before. Scratches head in quandary.*) Phat the divil's wrong wid this loine, inyway?

CASEY. Roight there is where it shows yer lack of judgment. Why in the name of common sinse don't yez cut the loine in the middle, an' thin it'll rache to both posts?

(MURPHY cuts rope in middle, leaving one end tied to post L. Then ties other piece to post at rear. Tries

to make the two ends come together in the middle but cannot.)

MURPHY (*puzzled. To CASEY*). Thot don't help it divil o' bit.

CASEY. Shure, an' there moost be somethin' wrong wid the clothes loine. Thot's phat coomes of bein' too aisy wid the owld woman. If me owld woman wants her clothes loine up she puts it up hersilf, so she does.

KATE (*from off L. stage*). Moike, hov yez got the clothes loine up yit?

CASEY (*disconcerted. Sees MURPHY looking at him and therefore, puts on a bold front*). Of course Oi hov'n't got the clothes loine up, Oi'd loike to hov yez understand!

KATE (*gives a shriek off stage. Then enters from L., goes to CASEY and grabs him by collar*). Shure an' thot's the lasht toime yez'll iver answer me loike thot. (*Gives him shove.*) Git thot clothes loine up in a hurr-r-ry, d'yez hear? [*She exits L.*

CASEY (*to MURPHY*). Yez are roight, Murphy, 'tain't no use argufying wid a woman. (*He proceeds to put up clothes line. Finds it too long.*) Sh! Murphy; yez loine is too short an' moine is too long. Quick, let's swap.

(They exchange lines and quickly put them up, CASEY tying the cut line together.)

MURPHY (*looking cautiously off R.*). Listen, Moike, if we stays around here we're goin' to git in a lot of tr-r-rouble.

CASEY. The owld woman said Oi hod to go down an' pay the rint. 'Tis due this day.

MURPHY. All roight; Oi'll snake out an' yez can meet me down on the br-r-ridge.

CASEY. Shure, now yez are talkin'. Oi ain't a-sayin' Oi'm afeared of me owld woman, understand, but she can make it domned disagreeable, thot's all.

MURPHY. 'Tis the same wid me own. (*Looking off cautiously.*) Shure, an' we'd better be a-goin'. If they git back before we lave we'll be here whin they come.

CASEY. All roight, Murphy, yez go thot way an' Oi'll go this a-way. Meet me on the br-r-ridge. If Oi git there fur-r-rst Oi'll make a chalk mark on the br-r-ridge. If yez gits there fur-r-rst yez rub it out.

[MURPHY *sneaks off R. while CASEY sneaks off L.*

(BEDELIA *enters from R. Looks around for MURPHY but does not see him. Hums Irish melody to herself. Goes to tub and rinses clothes. Lifts out piece, wrings it with hands and puts it over line. Goes back to tub and does same thing with another piece. KATE enters from L. and goes to her tub. Sees BEDELIA.*)

KATE. Good-marnin', Mrs. Murphy.

BEDELIA. Good-marnin', Mrs. Casey. 'Tis a foine marnin' we're hov'in' fer dryin' the clothes, ain't it?

KATE. It is thot, Mrs. Murphy. Yez hov'n't got a few clothes pins yez could borry me this marnin', hov yez?

BEDELIA. Oi hov not. Thot skinflint of a Mrs. Larety didn't brung back the ones she borried lasht wake. Oi've got to use safety pins mesilf, so Oi hov.

KATE. This neighborr-rhood is gittin' worser all the toime fer the neighbor-r-rs a-borryin' an' not bringin' back. 'Twas only yisterday thot Mrs. Dooley hod the gumption to want to borry me bed fer a wake because she's got coompany.

BEDELIA. An' did yez lind her the bed, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. Oi did not. D'yez think Moike an' mesilf waz a-goin' to hang oursilves on the wall all noight? Say, Mrs. Murphy, did yez know thot Mrs. Carr hod a new baby?

BEDELA (*all interest*). Phat, ag'in?

KATE. 'Tis roight Oi am. Oi waz over to see Mrs. Carr lasht noight, an' 'tis a big bouncin' bhoy phat weighs tin pounds.

BEDELIA. Me, oh, my! So Mrs. Carr has another one. Glory be! Thot makes four-r-rteen childers that's she's got now. Shure, they got enough Carrs fer a freight tr-r-rain.

KATE. Thot's phat her owld mon waz a-sayin'. An'

he's so hopin' thot this is the lasht one thot he wants to name it Caboose. (*They laugh.*)

BEDELIA. Oi'm a-tellin' yez, Mrs. Casey, Oi can't figure it out how thot mon makes both ends meet wid iverythin' so high an' him only a hod carrier.

KATE. Och, he quit carryin' the hod a month ago, Mrs. Murphy. He's a-tellin' me thot he has a high position in the Fur-r-rst National Bank roight now.

BEDELIA. Yez do tell me thot, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. Yis, thot's roight. He's down at the Fur-r-rst National Bank a-paintin' of the ceilin'. (*They laugh.*) Yez hov'n't seen me owld mon around inywhere, hov yez? Oi towld him to be shure an' go down an' pay the rint this foine marnin'.

BEDELIA. He waz out here chinnin' wid me mon a whoile ago, so he waz. Ivery toime there's inything to do around the house Tim's got something special-like to be a-doin' some place ilse.

KATE. 'Tis the same wid Moike. But Moike is goin' to wor-r-rk to-morry down where they're buildin' the new schoolhouse.

BEDELIA. Is thot a fact, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. He's a-tellin' me he's got a snap of a job down there. All he's got to do is to carry the bricks up to the sivinth story an' the min up there do all the wor-r-rk.

BEDELIA. Me owld mon hod a job loike thot once. He carried the bricks up an' whin the boss wazn't a-lookin' he'd carry thim down ag'in, an' the boss thot all the toime thot he waz a-wor-r-rkin'. (*They laugh heartily.*) Thim one toime the boss towld Tim something thot made Tim sore an' he quit the job, so he did.

KATE. An' phat did the boss tell him?

BEDELIA. The boss towld Tim thot he waz foired an' me owld mon roight up an' quits.

KATE. An' niver a bit do Oi blame him. (*Looks off L.*) Oi'm a-seein' thot Mrs. O'Grady is a-gettin' her wash out early this marnin'.

BEDELIA. Did yez iver got a close look at her wash, Mrs. Casey? 'Tis a awful mess, so 'tis.

KATE (*confidentially*). Shure, an' it can't be a bit

worse thin phat the new neighbor-r-rs is across the strate.

BEDELIA. An', Mrs. Casey, waz yez a-watchin' whin they moved in?

KATE. Oi waz thot, Mrs. Murphy. Oi waz a-peekin' out of the windy. Did yez iver in yeer loife see such a bum bunch of fur-r-rniture?

BEDELIA. Oi did not. Oi towld me owld mon thin thot if me fur-r-rniture looked loike thot Oi'd be ashamed of mesilf. So he goes roight down an' buys me a br-r-rand new washboard, so he did.

KATE. Moike bought me a new rollin' pin t'other day made out of soft rubber. He said he waz toired of stoppin' the owld wodden one wid his head. (*They laugh heartily.*) Oh me, oh me! The owld min are a nuisance sometimes, but they're noice to hov around even so, ain't they, Mrs. Murphy?

BEDELIA. Oi think thot same thing mesilf sometoimes, Mrs. Casey. Me owld mon ain't so bod since the country wint dhry. Did yez hear about Terry McGowan comin' home pickled to the gills lasht noight?

KATE. Oi did thot. He towld me owld mon on his way home thot he waz a-goin' to knock the divil outen his woife, so he did.

BEDELIA. The dirty spalpeen ought to be put in jail, he had.

KATE. 'Tis all the same thing. Whin his woife got t'roo wid him they took him to the horsepistol. He swears by all the St. Patricks thot he'll niver git dhrunk ag'in as long as he's married.

BEDELIA. His woife is a good sort but she don't know twice about keepin' house, so she don't.

KATE. Oi'm wid yez on thot, Mrs. Murphy. Oi waz over to her house to borry her umbrrell' t'other day whin it rained an' Oi niver in me loife seen such a mussy place. Shure, an' if she didn't hov the washtub in the par-r-rlor an' the baby was a-playin' in the oven.

BEDELIA. 'Tis a wonder she hod a umbrrell' to lind yez.

KATE. Yis, she hod one ——— (*Suddenly remember-*

ing.) Howly Mackeral! An' Oi just happened to think that Oi niver took it back ag'in.

BEDELIA. Oi wouldn't worry about it, Mrs. Casey. Maybe she's fergot it by this toime. (*During this conversation they occasionally hang a piece of wash on the line, etc.* BEDELIA examines a piece on the line.) Now look at thot, would yez. Soot all over the clothes all riddy.

KATE. Oi've noticed thot before, Mrs. Murphy. 'Tis phat one gits fer livin' in a neighborr-r-rhood loike this. It coomes from thot hussy's, Mrs. Kelly. She's too stingy to put in a gas stove an' burns soft coal. Oi got mad lasht wake an' towld her about it, so Oi did. Oi asked her whoy she didn't put in gas loike the rist of us folks.

BEDELIA. Good fer yez, Mrs. Casey, but it don't seem to hov done mooch good.

KATE. Och, she's igorant. She towld me there waz enough gas in the neighborr-r-rhood widout her puttin' any in. Oi got peeved an' didn't say no more about it.

BEDELIA. Washin' is hard enough widout gittin' soot all over iverything. Oi troied to git Tim to buy me a washin' machine but he says, says he, thot we could hov more fun if we took the money an' bought a phonygraft.

KATE. An' Oi suppose he'd want to play it whoile yez waz doin' the wash, eh?

BEDELIA. Shure, thot owld mon of me own would rather play pee-nuckle thin inything ilse. Tim did use to loike to play pee-nuckle wid Larry O'Flynn before that poor bhoy doied.

KATE. Oi've heered Moike spake of Larry.

BEDELIA. Yis, an' whin he doied he left a woife an' siven childers.

KATE. Oi know; me owld mon said he waz too mean to take thim inywhere wid him.

BEDELIA. Oi waz over to see Mrs. O'Flynn afther Larry passed away an' Oi troied to console her some. Oi towld her thin thot her owld mon wazn't worth cryin' about. All she has now is the siven childers an' the most intilligent bur-rd Oi iver seen in all me born days. She keeps it in the clock, an' whin it's toime to tell the

toime it coomes out an' says cookoo as miny toimes as the toime is.

KATE. Shure, an' thot moost be wonder-r-ful.

BEDELIA. 'Tis indade, Mrs. Casey. An' the wonder-r-ful par-rt of it all is, 'tis a wooden bur-rd at thot!

KATE. 'Tis something loike McGinty's goat thot me owld mon waz a-tellin' about. It didn't hov iny nose.

BEDELIA. A goat widout iny nose? How in the wor-r-rld did it smell?

KATE. Moike said it didn't smell bad at all, at all.

BEDELIA. Are yez on callin' terms wid Mrs. McGinty yezsilf, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. Oi am thot. She called me a thafe an' Oi called her another, so we did. Oi'd loike to know mesilf if the owld mon wint down an' paid the rint.

(Looks off.)

BEDELIA. Oi got a feelin' thot me owld mon is off slapin' some place. He wur-r-rked siventeen hours yisterday, he did.

KATE *(incredulously)*. Aw! Who iver heered of yez owld mon wur-rkin' thot long in one day?

BEDELIA. 'Tis the honest truth Oi'm a-tellin' yez, Mrs. Casey. He waz a-wor-rkin' down in the quarry, so he waz, an' he shtarted wor-rkin' two hours before he began, an' he wor-r-rked all dinner toime whin he waz a-restin', an' afther he left off he wor-r-rked fer two hours more.

KATE. Oi should think the poor mon would hov been purtty toired lasht noight.

BEDELIA. Shure, he waz so toired thot he hod bad dreams all noight an' couldn't slape a wink, so he couldn't. Oi know fer shure thot he didn't slape because Oi stayed awake all noight an' heered him shnore.

KATE. Yez hod better watch yer owld mon. 'Twas just loike thot thot me poor brother Jim passed away. He wur-r-rked too hard an' kept gittin' thinner an' thinner. Me two sisters waz thin enough, Oi'm a-tellin' yez, but Jim waz thinner thin both of thim put together, so he waz.

BEDELIA. How well Oi knows yer brother waz thin. One day Oi seen him on yez back porch an' Oi siz to

mesilf, "Shure, an' Mrs. Casey has got a new clothes prop." Meanin' no offense, Mrs. Casey.

KATE. 'Tis no offense, Mrs. Murphy. 'Twas mesilf thot swept the whole house an' thin discovered thot Oi waz a-usin' him fer a broom. (*Looking off.*) Shure, an' Oi'd loike to know phat's keepin' the owld mon so long, so Oi would. An' Oi'm a-hopin' he don't fergit to pay the rint. Thot landlord of ours don't stand fer mooch puttin' off Oi'm a-tellin' yez.

BEDELIA. He goes to the same chur-r-rch as we do, don't he?

KATE. Yes, Mrs. Murphy, he goes to chur-r-rch ivery Sunday an' kicks the poor infortunates out of his flats on wake-days. Waz yez down to the chur-r-rch yisterday marnin' to the sarvices, Mrs. Murphy?

BEDELIA. No, Mrs. Casey, Oi couldn't git down. Oi hod a big r-roast in the oven an' couldn't git away, so Oi couldn't. Waz yez there, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. Of course Oi waz. Thot is somethin' Oi niver miss. There is enough sin durin' the wake whin we stay home let alone stayin' to home on Sundays. 'Tis mesilf thot is a-goin' to be as good as Oi can fer the remainder of me loife. An' how Oi do love to hear thot dear [*Father or Riverend*] McCully prache. 'Tis a fact thot a lot of the wimen goes only to show off their clothes an' such, but Oi go to hear the sarmon, so Oi do.

BEDELIA. Waz Mrs. O'Flynn there yisterday, Mrs. Casey?

KATE. She waz thot. An' Oi do be tellin' yez thot she looked a froight. She hod on a driss thot waz foive years out of style an' her hair looked loike the cat hod been pawin' around in it. An' would yez belave it, Mrs. Murphy, but thot Mrs. O'Halligan waz there wid her sister from Shantytown. Talk about a mess. My! my! Oi'm a-tellin' yez, thot Oi nearly busted r-r-roight out laughing in the middle of the sarmon whin Oi looked at her. She hod on Mrs. O'Halligan's weddin' driss an' it fit her about foive wakes too soon, so it did. Mrs. O'Halligan's got a new hat but it's kind of sloppy lookin' at thot. Oi didn't notice phat kind of shoes they hod on because Oi waz too mooch taken up wid the sarmon.

BEDELIA (*staring off L. stage*). Howly Mackeral! Phat's a-goin' on a-comin' this way?

(*They both look off L. expectantly. MURPHY enters from L. pushing wheelbarrow with CASEY huddled in it. CASEY's clothes are somewhat mussed and he has one big black eye. MURPHY dumps wheelbarrow and CASEY slides out, sits on floor facing audience in slightly dazed manner.*)

MURPHY (*nonchalantly*). Here's yer owld mon, Mrs. Casey, C. O. D.

KATE (*staring at CASEY*). Phat—phat the ——?

MURPHY. 'Tain't nothin' mooch, Mrs. Casey. Moike just wint down to see the landlord.

(*MURPHY leaps over fence into his own yard.*)

KATE (*going to CASEY and assisting him to his feet*). Moike, phat in the wor-r-rld is the trooble?

CASEY (*rubbing head*). Oi wint to see the landlord about the rint, so Oi did, just as yez towld me to do.

KATE. An' did yez git a receipt loike Oi towld yez?

CASEY. Oi did, me darlint.

KATE. Ah, so yez paid the rint an' got it down in black an' whoite, so yez did.

CASEY. An' so Oi did not. Oi didn't pay the rint but Oi got the receipt (*Pointing to eye.*) in black an' blue.

KATE (*excited*). Yez didn't pay the rint?

CASEY. Oi towld the landlord Oi'd pay it nixt month. Katy, me darlint, puttin' off the rint wid him ain't good fer the eyes.

KATE (*standing threateningly with arms akimbo*). An' yez didn't pay the rint?

CASEY. Now listen, Katy, 'twill be all roight. He said he waz a-goin' to raise our rint this month an' Oi towld him thot thot waz more thin Oi could do.

KATE (*grabbing and shaking him while he cowers*). Oi give yez the money to pay the rint an' why didn't yez pay it? Oi'm askin' yez!

CASEY (*meekly*). Listen, me darlint, 'twas loike this:

MURPHY an' me got in a little pee-nuckle game an' he got all me money, an'——

KATE (*giving a shriek*). Oh, ye vilyun! (*She picks up clothes prop and seemingly beats him until he rolls on floor.*) Ye will, will yez? Yez low-down spalpeen of a good-fer-nothin'!

BEDELIA (*putting her arms around MURPHY'S neck*). Och, Tim, yez are a wonder-r-rful husband to hov, so ye are. Now Oi can git a new driss. Let me hov the money yez won, Timothy dear.

KATE (*shaking her fist at BEDELIA*). Yez gits a new driss, Oi guess not, Mrs. Murphy! Thot money coomes back to me, Oi'm a-tellin' yez. Mr. Murphy, give me thot money now an' to once!

BEDELIA (*hugging MURPHY closer*). The divil a bit yez will, Timothy. (*To KATE.*) Phat me husband wins fair an' squar-r-re is his own—'til Oi git it.

KATE. If yez don't give thot money back Oi'll hov yez both arristed, d'yez hear me?

BEDELIA. We hears ye, Mrs. Casey, but thot's all the good it'll do yez. If me owld mon lost his money fair an' squar-r-re yez wouldn't hear me a-yelpin', so yez wouldn't. Coome, Timothy, darlint, let me hov the money.

MURPHY (*stepping a safe distance from BEDELIA*). Shure, now, Bedelia, Oi hov'n't got it.

BEDELIA (*not quite so lovingly*). Thin where is it?

MURPHY. Afther Oi won it from Casey he won it all back again, so he did.

BEDELIA. Phat's thot yez are a-tellin' me? Casey got it all back?

MURPHY. He did thot.

(*BEDELIA grabs up washboard and treats MURPHY in similar manner to that of KATE to CASEY.*)

BEDELIA (*between blows with washboard*). Why in the name of common sinse didn't yez shtop playin' whin yez was ahead? Yez no-nothin'—yez—yez ——

(*She becomes exhausted and stands over him threateningly while he cowers on floor.*)

KATE (*going to CASEY and assisting him to his feet, then embracing him*). Plaze, darlint, 'tis sorry Oi am the way Oi trated yez. Why didn't yez tell me thot yez got it back? Now we can pay the rint. Yez darlint mon! (*She embraces him more lovingly.*) Let's hov the money, Moike, an' Oi'll put it away. (*He makes no move to give her the money.*) Coome, Moike, let me hov the money now.

CASEY (*stepping away*). Oi can't do thot, Katy, darlint, Oi ain't got it.

KATE. Yez ain't got it afther yez won it back again? (*Getting excited again.*) An' where is it, Oi'm a-askin' yez?

CASEY. Why—er—er——

KATE (*threateningly*). Oi'm a-askin' yez where is the money?

CASEY. Listen, Katy, Shorty Dinnis got in the peenuckle game an' he got all of it, so he did. (*KATE reaches for clothes prop again.*) Fer the love of siven-teen shamrocks, Katy, Oi'm a-tellin' yez Oi troied me bestest to git it back. Oi even borried tin dollars from Tim an' troied to win me own money back wid it——

KATE (*going after him with clothes prop*). Yez lost it! Yez lost it! An' thin borried tin dollars from thot low-down rid-head snake of a Murphy——!

(*Thrashes him with prop.*)

BEDELIA (*very excitedly to MURPHY*). An' so yez lint thot mon money, did yez? Yez lint tin dollars to thot scum of a mon! (*Wildly.*) Hold me fist before Oi knocks yer block off!

MURPHY. Listen, darlint——

BEDELIA (*getting more hysterical*). Don't darlint me, yez big stiff—— (*She grabs and throws him to floor. Then to KATE.*) Would yez be so kind, Mrs. Casey, as to lind me the use of yer clothes prop whin yez hov finished wid it?

(*MURPHY jumps up and runs off R. chased by BEDELIA.*)

(*CASEY runs off L. chased by KATE.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

STREET CHATTER

*A little bit of this, and
that, and t'other thing.*

STREET CHATTER

For Two Males

^ Do you think it is proper for a married man to kiss a single girl in the presence of his wife?

It may be proper, but it's darn poor judgment.

Who was that lady I saw you with to-day?
That wasn't a lady. That was my wife.

I've heard tell, Hiram, as how a camel can go eight days without water.

Mebbe so, but who wants to be a camel?

Did you know that I speculated on pork?
How did it come out?
On the hog.

\ Purtty durned cold, ain't it? Jest twenty below.

Oh, rats! The twenty below we get nowadays ain't nothin' compared to our ten below when I was young.

How does the land lie out your way?
'Tain't the land. It's the land agents that lie.

Are your folks well to do?
Darn hard to do.

Seeing is believing.
Not always. Did you notice that girl we just passed?
Well?
I see she had a pretty complexion but I don't believe it.

I hear you had some money left you.
Yes. It left me a long time ago.

Did you ever hear about the egg in the coffee?

No.

That settles it.

What's the difference between the mumps and the measles?

Why, in the mumps you shut up and in the measles you break out.

Ha! Ha! Pretty good, pretty good.

What's pretty good?

Two women took a tramp through the woods. Ha! Ha!

Well, what's the joke?

Then the tramp got away from them and they couldn't find their way home.

Were you cool all through the battle?

Cool? Say, I shivered.

Who was the woman you just tipped your hat to?

Ah! I owe a great deal to that woman.

Your mother?

No, washerwoman.

So you asked the old man for his daughter, did you?
How did you come out?

Through the window.

Does your wife miss you much?

No, she can throw as straight as I can.

I married my stenographer.

Do you still dictate to her?

Vice versa.

What is the penalty in this state for having two wives?
Two mothers-in-law.

Did you ever hear the joke about the mouse trap?

No. Spring it.

A man insulted my wife once, and I walked ten miles out in the country to lick him.

That was some distance to go. Did you walk back?

No, they carried me.

Last week I lent a fellow fifty dollars.

Go on.

The next day he fell out of a building, lit on his head, and lost his memory.

I have just seen your wife this morning for the first time since you were married.

How do you think she is looking?

She seems shorter than when I saw her last.

Well, she's married now, and has settled down.

Some people continue to make fools of themselves.

That's right—you married again, didn't you?

I'm glad I met your wife; she seemed to take a great fancy to me.

Did she? I wish you had met her before I did.

How fast is your car?

Well, it keeps about six months ahead of my income.

The store where my brother worked closed the day he died.

That's nothing. The bank where my brother worked closed for a week after he left town.

What's the difference between a banana and a Jew?

Spring it.

You can skin a banana.

Did you hear that my dog died?

I suppose he either swallowed a tape-line and died by inches or went up the alley and died by the yard?

No, he crawled away up under the bed and died by the foot.

My sister married a street car conductor and they don't get along very well.

Why doesn't she get a transfer?

Oh, that wouldn't be fare.

My landlord is a checker player.

What makes you think so?

He told me it was my move and if I didn't move right away he'd make me jump.

Did you?

No, so he crowned me.

I'm a lion tamer.

You're a lyin' son-of-a-gun.

Why is he so sore at you?

I haven't the slightest idea. We met on the street, and we were talking as friendly as could be when all of a sudden he flared up and tried to kick me.

And what were you talking about?

Oh, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, "I always kiss my wife three or four times a day."

And what did you say?

I said, "I know at least a dozen men who do the same thing," and then he had a hit.

As I was passing your house to-day I saw your wife out in the yard with her hair down her back.

Indeed?

Yes. Say, do you know she looks just like Anna Held, with her hair down her back.

Ever see her with her hair done up?

No.

Looks like Hell'd just the same.

He's the lightweight champion of our town.

Pugilist?

Naw—coal man.

STREET CHATTER

For Male and Female

Are nuts supposed to be healthy?

What's the matter, are you sick?

What time is it? I'm invited to a dinner this evening and my watch isn't going.

Wasn't your watch invited?

I played poker last night and they cleaned me.

How much did you lose?

Sixty cents.

You weren't so awfully dirty, were you?

Oh, I'm the flower of the family, all right.

I wonder if that was what your brother was referring to yesterday when he said you were a blooming idiot?

Do you think there is any danger in going up in an airplane?

Not half as much as there is in coming down.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Right, but they get so smooth nobody has anything on them.

How long did you say you were in the penitentiary?

Ten years.

They weren't in any hurry to let you out.

No, you have to take your time there.

My dog tracked me five miles by the scent of my feet.

Why don't you wash your feet and fool him?

Do you know what it is to love a woman?

Yes, I do. Why, I absolutely idealized a woman once, but she married.

Whom did she marry?

Me. (*Sadly.*)

I was hit on the head with a ball bat when very young.
And you've been off your base ever since.

I wonder why Columbus imagined the world was round?

Because it didn't give him a square deal.

What's your business?

None of yours.

Look here; let me give you a piece of my mind.
Won't it be robbing you?

Did you hear of the kidnapping case in our block?

Good heavens, no! Who was it?

Mrs. Smith. She missed her little boy and when she went to hunt for him, found the kid napping in his crib.

I had a shocking dream last night. I dreamed I was dead. What do you suppose awoke me?

The heat?

Do you ever gamble?

I've been married three times.

I know a dog worth \$15,000.

My! how could a dog save so much?

I've just heard of a case where a man married a girl on his deathbed so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

I'll say I could! What's her address?

If you want to put that song over you must sing louder.
I am singing as loud as I can; what do you expect?

Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth wider and throw yourself into it.

But you must admit that men have better judgment than women.

Yes. You married me and I married you.

If I should kiss you I suppose you would go and tell your mother.

No, my lawyer.

I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say.

I am; as little as possible.

Oh, it was awful.

What was awful?

An automobile ran away with my brother, threw him out, and the doctor says he will be laid up for six months.

You shouldn't worry about that. My brother had a terrible thing happen to him, too, but it was a little different. He ran away with an automobile and he was laid up for six years.

Were you hurt in the fracas?

No, in the leg.

RUBE RUBLES

That was purtty good about Ezra.

What?

Wound his clock every night for nine years and then found out it was a eight-day clock.

Saw your wife in town to-day.

Did you notice her new false teeth?

No, she had her mouth shut.

Then it wasn't my wife.

A purtty gal jest winked at me.

What followed?

I did.

My brother is the tallest man in our county. He is six feet nine inches tall.

That's nothing. My brother's so tall he has to get down on his knees to scratch his head.

Prohibition hit our section doggone hard.

How's that?

All my cows went dry.

Beg pardon, mister; I'm a stranger in these parts ——

Wall, don' reckon as how I know of anybody 't wants to git acquainted with you.

Old Si Perkins is the durndest fool when it comes to bein' a patriot. On Washington's birthday he put an egg under his hen and told her to hatchet.

Had a wooden weddin' out by our house last night.

Who got married?

Two Poles.

Didn't see Hiram when you came off the lake, did you?

Yep, I was right there.

See any fish lying about him?

Nope; Hiram was lying about the fish.

You say you fell down stairs?

Yep.

How come?

Doggone, I started to go down all right, an' then my wife says, "Be keerful, John!" And I'm not a man to be dictated to by any woman, so down I went!

I hear as how Ezera's credit is pretty bad.

Gosh all Timothy, Ezera's credit is gettin' so rotten he can't even borry trubble.

JEWISH JEST

All right, Abie, I lend you \$5.00, but don't you vorget it dot you owe it to me.

Ah, Levi, mine frient, I promise dot I don't vorget it as long as I live.

I got to borrow it \$200.00 somewhere.

Take mine advice und borrow t'ree hundred vwhile you vas at it.

But I only need it two hundred.

Dot don't make no nefermind. Borrow it \$300.00 und pay back vun hundred of it in two installments in a month or two. Den de man dot borrowed it to you vill t'ink he iss going to get de rest.

He volunteered to lend me monish.

Did you take it?

No. Dot kind off a vfriendship iss too good to lose.

RHYMES AND JINGLES

*Some are full of satire,
Others full of fun;
All are full of sunshine,
Built around a pun.*

RHYMES AND JINGLES

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed it kerosene;
One day it got too near the fire,
Since then it's not benzine.

My girl came clean from Pittsburgh,
She looked so chic and fair;
They said it was the first time
That a girl came clean from there.

A lock of hair will often bring
Sweet memories like a flash,
It brings up more than memories
If found in a dish of hash.

This is a funny world;
In fact, it is a hummer.
Snow comes down in winter,
And ice goes up in summer.

Twinkle, twinkle, movie star,
How I wonder who you are;
You're on the screen and then flit by—
I think you're just a little fly.

A lady lost her dog last week,
And this week when she went
To interview the butcher on
The style of meat for Lent,
He pointed to a sausage link—
The lady turned to look,
And when she said she'd take it home,
It wagged right off the hook.

Beneath a shady tree they sat ;
He held her hand, she held his hat ;
I held my breath and lay quite flat ;
They kissed—I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime ;
She held her head up every time ;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

There was an old maid who was rich,
Who heard funny noises, at which
She took off her hat
And found that her rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

Twinkle, twinkle, lovely star !
How I wonder if you are
When at home the tender age
You appear here on the stage.

You can always tell the English,
You can always tell the Dutch,
You can always tell the Yankee,
But you cannot tell him much.

There once were some learned M. D.'s,
Who captured some germs of disease,
And infected a train,
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed one to catch it with ease.

In good looks I am not a star ;
There are others more lovely by far ;
But my face—I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it—
It's the people in front that I jar.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As drunk as drunk could be ;
A farmer drove in from the country
And tied his horse to me.

Sweet little May from a city school
Once tried to milk a cow;
The cow refused to sit on the stool—
May's with the angels now.

If she should die,
And to heaven I'd fly,
And ring loud and long at the bell;
If I told old St. Peter
I wanted to meet her,
Do you think he would say, "Go to"—the
other place?

The boy sat on the moonlit deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.

He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He died the morning after—
They say, with painter's colic.

The boy stood on the burning deck—
It was too hot to sit down.

There was a young man from the city
Who met what he thought was a kitty;
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat,"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth;
She said she would die
Before she would lie,
And she died in the prime of her youth.

“ May I print a kiss on your cheek ? ” I asked.
She nodded her sweet permission ;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
I printed a large edition.

Here lies a man to whom we'll sing
A sad and parting sonnet ;
Instead of blowing out the gas
He recklessly stepped on it.

REMINISCENCE

I've often wondered ; and, perhaps, you've wondered, too,
 How it would seem to ramble back and be a child again.
 To be, let's say, a boy of twelve or thirteen years,
 In that wonderful old " kid " domain.
 The corner lot, a home-made ball and a broken bat ;
 A bent-in mask, one glove for six ; but one-ol'-cat
 Was a lot of fun with now and then a scrap or chewing
 match—
 But what of that ? There'd be no game without some of
 that.
 And when it rained and the lot was full of mud we didn't
 care so much ;
 We'd beat it over to Frank's father's barn across the
 street,
 Fix up the gym and the turning bar and trapeze swing,
 And chin ourselves and do such stunts as hanging by
 our feet.
 And then when we got good enough we'd advertise around
 About the world-famed circus and the time the show
 begins,
 And ever'thing like the big shows do when they come
 into town ;
 But instead of charging money the admission was three
 pins.
 And fishing ! Gee whiz ! And swimmin', too ! Gee dou-
 ble whiz !
 Them's the times that maw and paw was scared most half
 to death
 Because they never could understand how good we all
 could swim,
 They couldn't see that we were champeens and could
 swim and dive like fish.
 And talking about fishing--we'd fill the skillets to the
 brim.
 Those are the things that brought our grins from ear to
 ear,

And made our muscles hard as steel that we were proud
to show

The other kids what weren't in our bunch and make them
afraid to fight us

Because they all knew that we could lick them in one
throw.

And then that big broad grin would disappear
All of a sudden like when maw or paw would holler out-
of-doors,

And call us in when we were having lots of fun,
And point to the empty woodbox and tell us to do the
chores.

And another thing that used to knock the grin kerflop
And make us mad enough to fight a pirate's duel;
And that was to have our maw or paw make us get out of
bed,

And wash our faces, ears and all, and push us off to
school.

But even so, those childhood dreams are precious now
to me;

I love to sit and wish and wish that—but what's the use
to wish?

The clock ticks on and years go by, those times are gone
forever,

The one-ol'-cat, vacation time when we could swim and
fish.

Sometimes I think that life is not much different now;
We're only children grown up still pleasure bent;
We have our chores and troubles that oftentimes mar the
grin,

But why complain? We've had our fun. Then why not
be content?

BACK HOME IN ARKANSAW

Just got a letter from Maw and Paw;
 I'm going back to Arkansaw.
 Goin' back to the farm, by gosh,
 Goin' back where they call me Josh.
 I'm goin' back where it's gee and haw,
 Back where they're playin' "Turkey in the Straw."
 Back to the place where I was born,
 Back where the folks are raised on corn.

Back home in Arkansaw;
 Where the big bedticks are filled with straw;
 I've got a hankerin' now
 To slop the hogs and milk the cow—
 Back home in Arkansaw.

The darn old shack is somewhat bare;
 Ain't quite so nice as some 'round here;
 But Maw makes sunshine in the shack,
 And Paw makes moonshine 'way out back.
 And then there's a girl by the name of Jane;
 Her looks may be enough to make it rain,
 But I love her and she loves me, Gee!
 So then, by gosh, let it rain on me!

Back home in Arkansaw;
 I'm goin' to get a mother-in-law.
 I'll see the preacher when I get back,
 And then I'll build another shack
 Back home in Arkansaw.

I'm goshdarn lonesome to see my dog,
 Old and stiff as a hickory log;
 His teeth are gone and his ribs stick out,
 He can't see 'nough to get about;
 He's got rheumatism in his knees;
 My Maw and Paw has to scratch his flees;
 He's the best houn' dog in Arkansaw—
 He can sleep with my mother-in-law.

Back home in Arkansaw,
It's the greatest place you ever saw ;
Where the razor-back hogs all strop themselves,
And the chickens roost on the pantry shelves—
Back home in Arkansaw.

MINSTREL CROSSFIRE

*Where the Interlocutor usually
holds the position of boss and
goat simultaneously.*

MINSTREL CROSSFIRE

(As minstrel crossfire is more susceptible to changing to conform with existing conditions than any other type of talking act, the following brief bits of crossfire may be used to advantage in either building up or remodeling the original first part minstrel manuscript where pruning of some of the material is found to be necessary. All the following conversation is carried on between the interlocutor, or middle man, and one or other of the end men.)

INTERLOCUTOR. I hear you've been gambling again.

END. You hear too much.

INT. Then you deny the charges, eh?

END. Well, I do admit that I was manip'latin' the soot-specked cubes just a trifle.

INT. How did you come out?

END. Same way I went in: through the door.

INT. I mean, did you win or lose?

END. Lost every doggone cent I had.

INT. That's bad business. You shouldn't gamble in the first place.

END. I didn't gamble in the first place. I didn't start gambling till I got to the last place.

INT. What was the nature of the game?

END. Same as any other, good-natured till you lose, then otherwise.

INT. You misunderstand me. What I mean is, what kind of a game did you play?

END. Doggone rotten game, otherwise I wouldn't have lost.

INT. Was it a card game?

END. I should shake my head, "No." It was craps.

INT. Oh, I see. You were dealing dice.

END. I was what?

INT. Dealing dice.

END. Dealing dice! *(Laughs heartily.)*

INT. Well, what's funny about that?

END (*laughing*). *Dealing* dice! *Dealing* dice! Man, the next thing you're going to be asking me is, did I drink a banana!

INT. I understand you had a fight with Shorty Brown last night?

END. I sure did, and I just wiped up the ground with that hunk of coal tar, too.

INT. He's a lot smaller than you.

END. Yep, quite a much.

INT. I never thought you would fight with a man smaller than yourself.

END. What would you do if he called you a Irish slob, eh?

INT. But I don't happen to be Irish.

END. Even so; what if he called you a Dutch slob?

INT. But I'm not a Dutchman.

END. Well, doggone it, what if he called you the kind of a slob you are then?

END. Are you acquainted in this town?

INT. Yes, somewhat, why?

END. Do you know Fat Burns?

INT. No.

END. Well, it does.

END. Did you know that I got a invite to sing at a banquet last night?

INT. No, I hadn't heard about it. Did you accept the invitation?

END. I did not. I just couldn't get up gumption enough to sing before all them folks.

INT. Bashful?

END. Guess that's it. I takes after my paw.

INT. Why, was your father bashful?

END. Well, maw told me that if paw hadn't been so bashful I'd be two years older.

INT. Where were you going yesterday when I saw you?

END. Out to the cemetery.

INT. Out to the cemetery? Anybody dead?

END. Yep, all of 'em.

INT. Suppose you were between the devil and the deep sea, and that you were afraid of fire and couldn't swim?

END. In that case I suppose I'd have to climb a tree.

INT. Well, after you got to the top of the tree, suppose a hurricane should blow the tree down?

END. In that case, I'd 'low I was as big a fool for climbin' the tree as what you are askin' such doggone fool questions.

INT. Were you in the army?

END. Seems as if I do remember something about walkin' lots and eatin' little.

INT. Were you a private?

END. Nothin' private about it; everybody knew I was there.

INT. I mean, what was your rank?

END. I was just as rank as the rest of them. Got put in the guard house once.

INT. What was the charge?

END. No charge; they did it for nothin'.

INT. What were you put in for?

END. Ten days.

INT. You don't understand me. What did you do that caused them to put you in the guard house?

END. Murder.

INT. Murder?

END. Yep; they caught me shootin' craps.

DIGS AND JABS

*An epigram is a lively little
animal with wit in its body
and sting in its tail.*

DIGS AND JABS

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man a farmer.

There's too much lost motion in a dog's tail.

An automobile insurance is a guarantee against loss from every cause excepting that which happens to happen.

A lot of men are like worms; they just crawl around until some chicken picks them up.

A receiver is a man appointed by the court to take what's left.

Some men are regular in their habits—but we're not saying anything about their habits.

When you get the best of the other fellow, that's a bargain.

My uncle has been trying to have Marcel waves, but he can't. There's too much beach.

A great number of men are born good; a very small number make good.

History states that the suppression of gambling was first noted at the time a pair o' dice was taken from Adam.

Some people are so tender hearted that they'll pin a stamp to a letter so they won't have to lick it to make it go.

He's as crazy as a woman's watch.

That girl you saw me with wasn't a new one. It was just an old one re-painted.

A guinea is worth about two dollars a day in this country.

There was never man born who lived long enough to do all the things his wife wanted him to do.

How time doth fly on the section; every time you turn around you see a dago.

Philosophers tell us to believe only half you hear, but they do not state which half.

My sister says that men are like corks: Some will pop while others have to be drawn out.

Marriage is a partnership of two people wherein there is always one silent partner.

The way my wife brags about me, one might think that she wanted to sell me.

All men are born free and equal but don't stay that way. They get married.

A monologue is a conversation between man and wife.

It is only since a woman's head has been stamped on our silver money that money talks.

I resigned my position in the choir as soon as they found out what was the matter with it.

That detective ran anything down except his heels.

The restaurant manager fired his dishwasher and bought a dog.

When I got on the ship I found the quarter-deck, but I couldn't find the dollar deck.

The waves dashed high on the rock bound coast and washed her out. I threw in a bar of soap and it washed her back.

I've often wondered what a dog would do if it did catch the train.

Every time I look in the mirror I think of the other six wonders of the world.

Stealing contrary to law is right down theft.

If you hadn't helped me look for that dollar I lost I might have found it.

She had two slim reasons for not liking short skirts.

STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

*The world is filled with wits,
and the world is better for
having them.*

STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

Some monologists depend largely, if not wholly, upon humorous short anecdotes to put over their sketches. Others work them over like plastic clay until they are of such shape as to fit advantageously into their line of patter. The following stories have been carefully selected for their plasticity and will be found adaptable to a large variety of sketches.

Nowadays, especially in local talent productions, it is a common fashion to concoct or even re-vamp anecdotes of this character and attach to them the names of persons well known in the vicinity. If the story is a good one and non-libelous the alleged originator will not rise to object.

A few things should always be kept in mind when changing a story to meet existing circumstances. The preliminaries should be as brief as possible. Use only the necessary words to lay the foundation for the point. Word the preliminaries in such a way as to give no hint of the point. Do not lead up too gradually to the point of surprise. Let the surprising point come suddenly. Analyze your story before telling to make certain that the point is good enough to justify the preliminaries.

An anecdote or story that falls flat is nothing but a bore.

SAFETY FIRST

A few extracts from a new safety bill for automobilists, truck-drivers and pedestrians, which will soon be introduced in Congress, is herewith presented for the benefit of both the automobilist and the pedestrian:

1—All cars coming under the heading of gasoline propelled vehicles shall be parked, when not in motion, with the nearest side of said car to the curb.

9—Where a thoroughfare intersects a railroad and a train and an automobile are approaching the intersection at the same time, both shall come to a dead stop and

neither shall proceed until the other has passed the intersection.

17—Where two cars are approaching on two main highways at right angles to one another the right of way shall be conceded to the car that gets there first.

21—A pedestrian attempting to cross a busy street will stop, look and listen, and then exercise his own judgment.

27—Under no circumstances will an automobile, be it either pleasure car or truck, proceed directly into a freight train or other public conveyance when exceeding sixty-five miles an hour.

32—No pedestrian will, in any city, town or hamlet, exceed thirty-five miles an hour without first procuring a special license from the chief of police, sheriff or marshal.

33—It will be deemed unlawful for dogs, cows, intoxicated persons, or other domestic animals, to willfully interfere in any way, manner or form, with traffic on Wednesdays, Sundays or week days other than Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. For any such violation or misdemeanor the offender shall be punished by imprisonment for a certain period not to exceed the time limit as prescribed in the law books of the state in which he resides or exists.

IT TOOK

He was somewhat bashful and the beautiful girl who sat next to him at the table had tried several times to open up a conversation with him.

"I was nearly unfortunate enough not to get here this evening," she said. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it annoys me considerably."

For a moment the young man let his eyes roam over her unmarred beautiful arms.

"Why, er ——" he asked, bashfully, "where were you vaccinated?"

She smiled winningly, displaying her beautiful teeth. "In Toledo," she answered.

The man had left the little town when just entering his twenties and had made a great success in the city. He was known far and wide in business and political circles. And now at the age of forty-five he had returned to his home town for a visit and was asked to address an audience of his former friends and acquaintances. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs, he began his address thus:

"My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."

SUBTRACTION

The teacher was hearing the youthful class in mathematics.

"No," she said, "in order to subtract things have to be in the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three pears from four peaches, nor eight horses from ten cats. Do you understand?"

There was assent from the majority of the pupils. One little boy in the rear raised a timid hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher," said Bobby, "couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

THE INCOME

A Southern congressman, who formerly practised law in Mississippi, tells of an amusing case he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, a Colonel Martin, who figured in local politics.

The main figure in the trial was a lazy dorky named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support, and refused to work.

During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained that the expression meant a certainty of money paid, not

for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of the counsel's remarks the darky's face brightened.

"I done fink Ah hab a fixed income, sah," he said.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick with a broad grin in the direction of Colonel Martin, "de colonel dere allers gibbs me fo' dollars an' a sack ob flour on 'lection day!"

WHERE THE PIANO FAILED

He had been sent to a certain house to tune the piano.

He found the instrument in good condition, and not in the least in the need of attention.

A few days later his employer received a letter from the owner of the piano—a lady of would-be musical accomplishments—stating that the piano had not been properly tuned.

"It was," she stated, "no better than before."

The hapless tuner received a severe reprimand from his employer, and then was sent out to make another trip. Arriving at the house, he examined the instrument, and clearly there was nothing the matter with it.

This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she admitted, "it does seem all right—doesn't it?—when you play on it; but as soon as I begin to sing it gets out of tune."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

OBVIOUS

The geography class was in session, and the teacher pointed a finger to the map on the class-room wall.

"Here, on one hand, we have the far-stretching country of Russia. Willie," she asked, looking over her pupils and settling on one small boy who was interested in something outside, "what do you see on the other hand?"

Willie, hopeless with fright, hesitated a moment, and then answered, "Warts!"

BAD PRACTICE

A college student handed in a paper to his professor, and was surprised the next day to have it returned with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor.

"I can't quite make out what this is, if you please," he told the professor.

"That, sir?" said the professor. "Why, that says, 'I cannot read your handwriting.' You write illegibly, my boy, a very bad practice."

NOTE FOR NOTE

A man left his umbrella in a stand at a hotel recently, with a card attached bearing this inscription:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I shall be back in five minutes."

When he returned to claim his property, he found in its place a card bearing the following inscription:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not come back."

THEIR TAKING WAYS

Birkenhead has decided to have no more policewomen, on the ground that they "get married almost as soon as they are enrolled." It all comes of teaching them to say, "You come along quietly," in just the right tone of voice.

—*Punch*.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

A company promoter advertised for an office boy. He received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, and with the writers of these ten replies he had a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright youth, to whom he said: "My boy, I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I can go home and get it."

"Very well; come back to-morrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you."

Late that afternoon the financier was surprised to see the candidate enter the office.

"Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy; "but I've got yours—and I ain't coming!"

WRONG NAME

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang whose foreman was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way, and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Came quitting time. Before he went he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you all got me down on de payroll?"

The foreman looked over the list of names he held. "Yes," he said finally, "here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas su, boss," said the negro, "dass right. I jest thought mebbe you done had me down as Samson."

—*Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati).

THAT'S DIFFERENT

The judge of a Texas county-court was also cashier of the town bank. One day a stranger presented a check for payment and his evidence of identification was not satisfactory.

"Why, Judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence men to prison for life on no better evidence than this!"

"That may be true," replied the Judge. "But when it comes to handing out cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

ROUND ROBIN

A business man called on his family physician, and told him that his son was suffering from scarlet fever. The doctor, of course, expressed regret.

"But," continued the anxious father, "the young fellow has confessed that he caught the disease from the housemaid, whom he had kissed."

"Well," remarked the doctor, discreetly, "what in the world can one say to that, except that young people are very thoughtless?"

"But, don't you see, doctor," said the father, "to be plain,—between you and me—I have also kissed that girl. Perhaps I, too, may be down with the disease."

"Yes," answered the doctor, "you are right. That is the next thing to expect."

"And I kiss my dear wife every morning and evening, so we risk having her ——"

"Great Guns!" exclaimed the doctor, forgetting for the moment to whom he was speaking, "then I, too, may catch it!"

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

SOME ORATION

At the grave of the departed old darkey the colored pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss, he delivered himself of the funeral oration.

"Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, "you is gone. An' we done hopes you is gone where we 'spects you ain't."

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF DRILLING

The private was having some dental work done, and was going through some of the most exquisite torture which the military tooth-puller could invent. Suddenly the latter stopped in wrath.

"See here, private," he bawled, "I thought you told me you'd never had a dentist touch your teeth before."

"Thass right."

"Then how does it happen I've found a bit of metal on my drill?"

"Only thing I can think of, sir, is that you've drilled down and hit my dog tag."

NO EXAMINATION NECESSARY

He gave him a tonic and told him to come back in a week. He came back in a week and reported that he didn't feel quite as well as he did before.

"Why," said the doctor, "what is wrong with you? I have given you the best I could. Did you take it regularly?"

"Yes, sir."

"I never thought to ask you before," said the doctor, suddenly; "what is your business?"

"I'm a poet," answered the patient.

"My gosh!" exclaimed the doctor. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I gave you the wrong prescription. Here's a dollar. Go out and get something to eat."

INQUISITIVE

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with a dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested.

"And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide; "it's easier to chew."

PRETTY FAIR POTATOES

An Easterner who had bought a farm in Indiana had heard of his neighbor's talent for raising large potatoes, so sent his farm hand over to get a hundred pounds.

"You go back home," answered the talented farmer to the messenger, "and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for any one!"

THAT WAS ALL

Recently a dispensary patient was placed on a strict and scant diet, on which she did not improve as was expected. The doctor sent a social worker out to investigate.

The patient admitted that she was much worse, but protested, almost tearfully, that she had eaten everything as the doctor had ordered.

"And did you eat anything else?" asked the inspired social worker.

"Why, nothing except my regular meals," said the patient.

—*Indianapolis News.*

STRATEGY

While recently attending a certain convention, three of the delegation attended church, each tightly clutching in his mit the thin dime he intended to contribute when the plate was passed. Consternation reigned with the trio when the minister announced that this particular Sunday an effort was to be made to raise the mortgage, and asked everyone there to make a substantial offering. During the prayer our local contingent held a whispered consultation as to the solution of their dilemma, and finally reached a satisfactory decision. When the plate was started down the aisle Smith fainted and Brown and Jones carried him out.

NO BRIGHT SIDE

A farmer was recently showing me the result of fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivating when I said to him:

"Well, you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have no cause for complaint this year."

The old farmer scratched his head and stood in a meditative mood for a moment, then hesitatingly replied, "Well, you know, such crops as these is pesky hard on the soil."

THE JOINT ACCOUNT

My wife and I agreed to start a joint account and save enough money to take a trip to Niagara Falls. She saved \$291, so we took the three hundred and made the trip.

WATER ECONOMY

It was just before breakfast. The farm hands were lined up at the wash-basin, when Mrs. Brown noticed the new hand standing off in the corner.

"Have you washed yet, Henry?" she asked him.

"Gosh, no," exclaimed the new hand. "I don't git dirty when I sleep."

THE FIGHT

A dramatic story, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, can be told in very few words. A small boy returned home one evening, and when his mother asked him why his hand was bleeding he said:

"Them was awfully sharp teeth Billy Wright *used* to have."

FORTUNATE

It was rather late for a married man to be coming home, but sometimes it's better late than never. And that stuff he had been drinking had something to do with his tardiness.

"Lor', you are late, sir," said the nurse, meeting him at the door. "It's two o'clock, sir, and there's news for you: You're the father of two bouncing babies. Twins, sir, twins!"

The young husband rubbed the back of his hand over his eyes. "Strange," he muttered. "Very strange coincidence, indeed. Two o'clock and two babies. Two o'clock and two babies. Thank heavens, I didn't come home at twelve!"

WORDS AND MUSIC

Terence O'Flannigan had been hired to assist the station-master. As the train arrived he called out, "Change here for Limerickgalwayandmayo!"

The station-master went for him. "Haven't I told you," he cried, "to sing out the stations clearly and distinctly? Remember now—sing 'em out!"

"I will, sir," said Terence. And when the next train came in, the passengers were very much astonished to hear him sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces
Passing to and fro;
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo."

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

NOT EVEN HYPHENATED

A bootblack in City Hall Park is a sociable chap, and conversation is inevitable.

"You are a foreigner?" he was asked.

"Not foreigner," he answered. "American from de other side."

—*New York Evening Post.*

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

Delicately, with tact and grace, mother enlarged on the matter until Phyllis learned that storks and pumpkins added nothing to the human species, and doctors carried nothing in bags more mysterious or beautiful than instruments. When she realized at last all that the story conveyed, she came a little closer to mother and whispered: "Have you told daddy about it?"

THE STRANGER

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look! He knows us—ain't he queer?"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child."

"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last spring."

"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club.
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him; he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."

—*The Column Filler.*

THE LAST STRAW

It was at a fashionable wedding at Savannah. The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich; but when he repeated that portion of the service he said boldly:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow!"

Whereupon the father said in a stage whisper that could be heard all over the church:

"Heavens! There goes his Ford."

I DIDN'T KNOW

The other night my little son asked me if I knew anything. I said I did. Then he asked me if I knew the difference between a son of a gun and a pop of a pistol.

THE BOOMERANG

The old gentleman was absolutely disgusted. His son had just returned from college all spruced up like a Christmas tree, carrying a cane and everything. No wonder the parent was disgusted.

"You look like a fool!" he thundered. "More and more like the conceited, hair-brained, helpless fool every year!"

Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Halloa, Charlie. Back again, eh?" exclaimed the

visitor. "You're looking more and more like your father every year."

"Yes," said Charlie, "that's what he's been telling me."

MEBBE SO, MEBBE SO

He had to quote Kipling to hold his own with this modern young lady. So he lightly did so. "As Kipling says, my dear, 'Woman is a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.'"

"And man," she answered, smiling ever so sweetly, "is a jag, a drone, and a tank of air."

DENNIS WAS A GOOD MAN

Casey entered the back door of his home with a busted nose, a black eye, and some other marks of violence.

"I waz fightin' wid Dennis," he explained to his wife.

"Why, yez big overgrown baby! Phat d'yez mane by lettin' a little dried-up shrimp like Dennis lick yez fer?"

"Whist, me darlint," interrupted Casey. "Don't be speakin' evil of the dead."

THIS SOCIAL UNREST

Senator Smoot said in a recent address in Salt Lake City:

"I suppose it is natural for those at the bottom to want to change places with those at the top. Well, they made this change in Russia, and we can see the result.

"Did you ever hear the story of the skipper and the chief engineer who were always wrangling about their jobs? Finally they agreed to change places. The skipper went down to the engine-room and the engineer mounted to the bridge.

"Some time passed. Then the skipper bounded up on deck with a half-crazed look.

"'My heavens, go below!' he shouted to the engineer. 'All the bearings are hot and the engine-room is full of smoke. I don't know what's the matter.'"

"'It's all right,' the engineer answered from the bridge. 'We're grounded.'"

—*The Evening Bulletin* (Philadelphia).

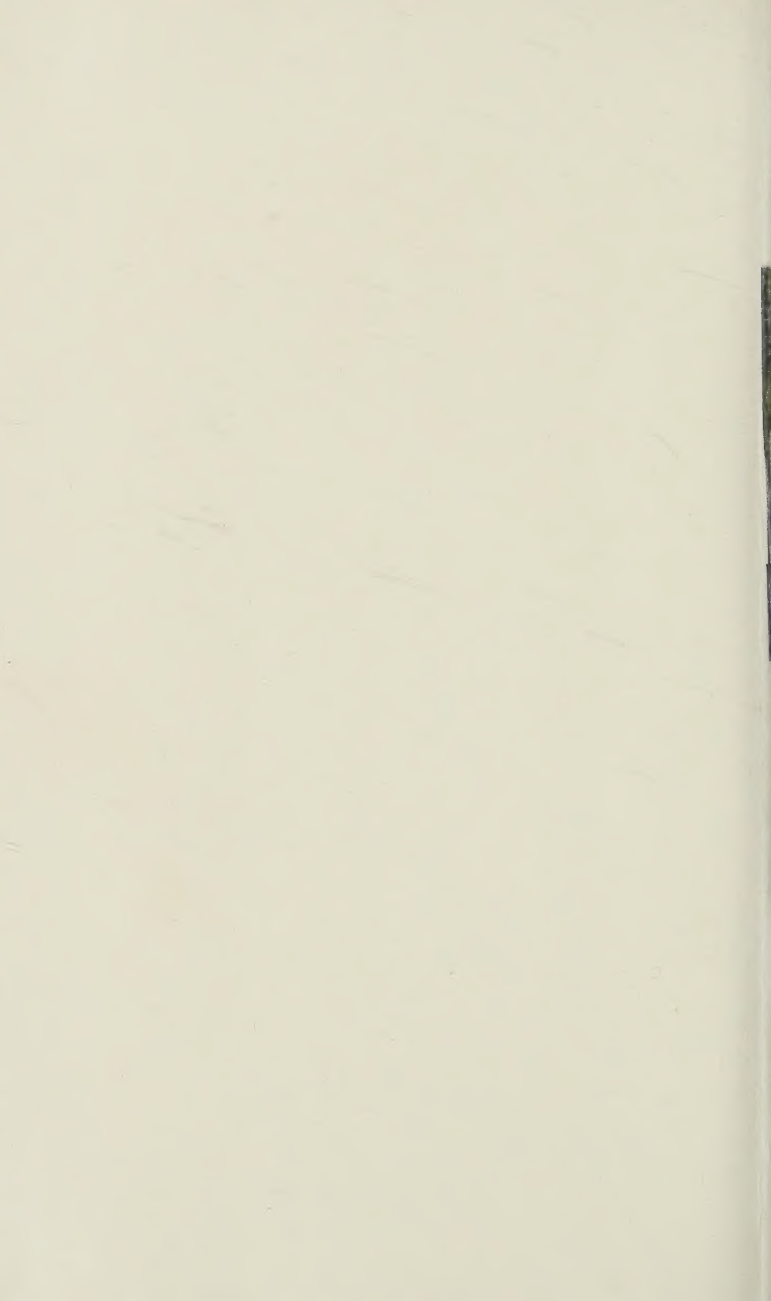
GOOD NIGHT!

We thank you for the way you have
Received our entertaining ;
It fills our hearts with joyous pride
When there is no complaining.

We work so conscientiously,
'Twould be an awful blow
To have our act go over cold
To eight or ten below.

When you good folks enjoy yourselves,
The feeling like a radio
Floats o'er the footlights here to us,
And we receive it all aglow.

We work the same as other folks—
It is a pleasing sight
To have you smile and laugh with us—
We thank you all—good night !



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Top-liners in the night
and vodka some of the and
some of that.
Koster, Arthur LeRoy, 1890-1956.



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